War. Speake lower, princes, for the King recouers.
Hum. This apoplexi wil certaine be his end.
King I pray you take me vp, and beare me hence,
Into ſome other chamber.
Let there be no noyſe made, my gentle friends,
Vnleſſe ſome dull and fauourable hand
Will whiſper muſique to my weary ſpirite.
War. Call for the muſique in the other roome.
King Set me the crowne vpon my pillow here.
Clar. His eie is hollow, and he changes much.
War. Leſſe noyſe, leſſe noyſe. *Enter Harry*
Prince Who ſaw the duke of Clarence?
Clar. I am here brother, ful of heauineſſe.
Prince How now, raine within doores, and none abroad!
How doth the King?
Hum. Exceeding ill.
Prince Heard he the good newes yet? tell it him.
Hum. He vttred much vpon the hearing it,
Prince If he be ſicke with ioy, heele recouer without phiſicke.
War. Not ſo much noyſe my Lords, ſweete prince, ſpeake lowe, the King your father is diſpoſde to ſleepe.
Cla. Let vs withdraw into the other roome.
War. Wilt pleaſe your Grace to go along with vs?
Prince No, I wil ſit and watch heere by the King.
Why doth the Crowne lie there vpon his pillow,
Being ſo troubleſome a bedfellow?
O poliſht perturbation! golden care!
That keepſt the ports of Slumber open wide
To many a watchfull night, ſleepe with it now!
Yet not ſo ſound, and halfe ſo deeply ſweete,
As he whoſe brow (with homely biggen bound)
Snores out the watch of night. O maieſtie!
When thou doſt pinch thy bearer, thou doſt ſit
Like a rich armour worne in heate of day,
That ſcaldſt with ſafty (by his gates of breath)

There

There lies a dowlny feather which
Did he ſuſpire, that light and weig
Perforce muſt moue my gracious
This ſleepe is ſound indeede, this
That from this golden Rigoll hath
So many Engliſh Kings, thy deav
Is teares and heauy ſorowes of the
Which nature, loue, and filiall tend
Shall (O deare father) pay thee ple
My due from thee is this imperiall
Which as immediate from thy pla
Deriues it ſelfe to me: loe where i
Which God ſhal guard, and put th
Into one giant arme, it ſhal not for
This lineal honor from me, this fr
Will I to mine leaue, as tis left to m
Enter Warwicke, Glouc
King Warwicke, Glouceſter, C
Clar. Doth the King cal?
War. What would your Maieſ
King Why did you leaue me h
Cla. We left the prince my bro
dertooke to ſit and watch by you.
King The prince of Wales, whe
is not here.
War. This doore is open, he is
Hum. He came not through the
King Where is the Crowne? wh
War. When we withdrew, my l
King The Prince hath tane it h
Is he ſo haſtie, that he doth ſuppoſe
Finde him, my lord of Warwicke,
This part of his conioynes with my
And helps to end me: ſee, ſonnes, w
How quickly nature falls into reuo
When gold becomes her obiect?

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